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Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

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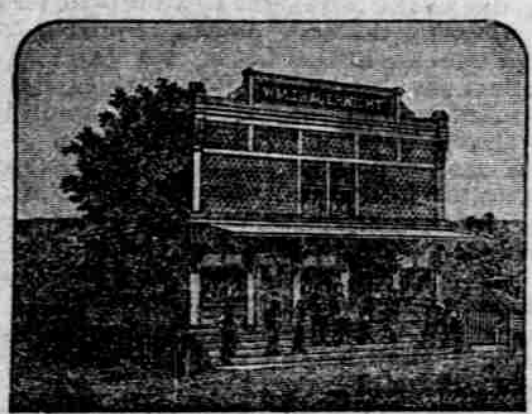
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What the Inside Pages Contain.

Second Page—Editorial Miscellany, News and Notes, Missouri State News and Cullings, Peace in Prospect, Manufacture, etc.

Third Page—Coming of the Birds, Private Brown (a serial), Foreign Gossip, A Rustic President, etc.

Sixth Page—An Impromptu Duel, Express Robbery, McKinley on Silver, etc.

Seventh Page—Brave Children, Agricultural Hints, The Markets, etc.

Timely Topics.

BY PUBLICOLA.

If one will stop and think, and look abroad "with the eye of a philosopher," divested of all party feeling, and observe the moves being made on the party chess-boards by so-called leaders in National and State politics, it is difficult to escape the profound conviction that our country is passing through an era of political demagoguery and incompetent statesmanship.

One panacea after another is prescribed by the politicians as a cure for the hard times. Each one in succession being heralded as the one thing needed to cure all the ills which the body politic is suffering, and to secure to every man, woman and child in the land "health, wealth, and happiness,"—each one in time proving its abortiveness when tested by experience.

For instance, in the campaign which brought into existence the late unlamented Congress, the political heavens were perturbed and clouded with protestation that the "Sherman act," (provided for putting over 50,000,000 ounces of silver either in coin or silver certificates, in circulation every year), was the one special thing above every other thing which stood in the way of full fledged prosperity. The silly clamor had its effect in deceiving the people. The measure was repealed, to the delight of the single gold-standard people. What prudent and thoughtful people foresaw happened. The whole theory,—the whole clamor,—proved to be a mistake. Times grew harder, and what theorists clamored for as potent for relief, proved worse than a failure.

Then the cry immediately went up by the same set of political doctors that the Tariff was to blame; that was the cause of distress. If we could only have an approach to free trade so that our goods could be mostly manufactured in England, France and Germany (!) we could play most of the time, wear cheap English woolen goods, and eat roast beef and go to the circus! Plain it was to them that the McKinley bill was the one infamy that blasted all hopes and all happiness.

Well, the McKinley bill of course had its faults,—all bills of the kind have,—but, like the "Sherman act" it had to go. It went! But the hard times did not go with it. No, they remained, and have increased in severity. The specifics of the political doctors proved to be no remedies.

Now we have another attempt by these same doctrinaires. They have diagnosed the case again. This time the remedy is sure cure.

The food that nourished the baby-calf, will surely cure the old steer when dilapidated,—he must return to the teat and suck, if he is the only steer in the universe that does suck! This time it is the "free unlimited coinage of silver" only, that is needed to establish a paradise, an elysium! And so the country will be again scourged, and prosperity retarded by another campaign on purely materialistic issues. Is it any wonder men stop voting, or vote "the other ticket?"

It is refreshing to turn from the political discussions about the "everlasting dollar," to the new issue thrust upon the people of Missouri by Gov. Stone in his call reconvening the Legislature to enact a new election law and to "outlaw" the lobby.

Here is something of high principle to talk and think about instead of mammon. Democracy "gained its spurs" in the advocacy of human rights, human liberty. It never could have gained any abiding hold on the hearts of men if it had started out at its birth with the materialistic faith and purposes for which it is now sought to make it sponsor.

Pure and fair elections strike at once at liberty, at the rights of men, at free government. The lobby is a menace to every right function of Government—a menace to every right and every interest of the people. If it were possible to conduct a campaign on such issues, it would greatly elevate and purify politics; for the masses are always right on such issues.

But as a party move it is more than probable that Gov. Stone has made a mistake. His overweening ambition to work himself into Senator Vest's position has led him to take a step which may make the defeat of the Democratic

party in the State at the next election a more probable event than it would have been had he let matters rest as they were, had as that was.

His war on the lobby is highly commendable indeed, but is the lobby any worse than it has been for years? Is there such an emergency as justifies an extra session of the Legislature, and the expenditure of twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars of the people's taxes during these hard times? Then, too, as to the passage of the fellow-servant's law!

So also, of the election law. No new emergency has arisen. A Republican said to the writer a few days ago, "You Democrats have had full charge of the State government for 25 years, and you never tried to pass either one of these measures—you had plenty of time, and full power. Why did you not?"

"Now that Gov. Stone sees your party about to be overthrown, he seeks to put himself in the lead, in the breach, hoping to get into the place of Vest. But all these things could be attended to at the next regular session and have this enormous expense these hard times. But that would not serve Stone's purpose. It would be too late for him. He must do something to keep himself before the people."

"The taxpayers will hit you mighty hard and blow you of water next election—mind what I tell you."

Looking at the matter dispassionately, and not admitting all to be true which the Republican said, still it rather seems to me that, as a party move, this extra session is a great mistake.

The House had passed a good election law—as good if not better than the one passed by the Senate; and the House had promptly passed the fellow-servant's bill and it was defeated in our Democratic Senate, and truth compels us to admit that more than three-fourths of the lobbyists were Democrats. Good party policy would have been to keep silent, it seems to me. Altogether it seems to be a bad piece of business. Do the Gods first make mad those whom they would destroy?

The Ironton Reading Club.

In Colorado.

Wouldn't you like to have me tell you all something of a trip I made to Colorado last year? But you must promise to be patient, for my friends cannot realize how I enjoy talking of that charming summer vacation.

Well, we girls, (I forgot to tell you that there were four of us), had made up our minds to have a jolly good time for once in our lives, after close and tired work from September until June. A good old friend, who I shall call Uncle Tom, asked us where we were going to spend the summer; we all exclaimed in a chorus "where?"

"Well," he said, "young ladies, I supposed you have already your places of resort in contemplation, but thought if you had not, positively decided, I would suggest a place, as I was interested in railroads, I think a trip out west would do you all a great deal of good."

"Oh, but we cannot afford to travel so far; it costs too much."

"Suppose I should invite you all to go with me? you will have no expense whatever."

"Oh! how good and kind of you, Uncle Tom! now that I call splendidly, when shall we start?"

One beautiful morning in 1879 "Wide-Awake Hollow"—a small mining camp—was a stir unusually early. Before "peep-o'-day," lights flashed from many windows, and excited voices could be heard throughout the camp calling: "Come Cherry! Come Brindle! Ere long fumes of fragrant coffee were wafted on the pure early morning breeze. The ringing of the breakfast bell brings together whole families—the youngest, for this is the much talked of basket picnic day. Wide-Awake Hollow was one of the several small camps covering a range of ten miles under the supervision of one company, known as the "Silver Spring Mines." This little settlement was of mushroom growth, for less than twelve months before the first settler had "pitched his tent." Since that time other families had followed "til now its inhabitants numbered almost a hundred. It had been given the name of Wide-Awake-Hollow by the Superintendent, on account of the numerous quivering parties, singing bees, housewarming, etc., etc., without interfering with the usual day labors. The Superintendent had gained the confidence and esteem of the settlers at all of the camps, and as the Company's tenth anniversary would be on the 21st of August, had sent an invitation to each camp to join in a union picnic—on that day—to be held in a grove at Silver Springs, the principal camp and headquarters of the officers; and this was the cause of the uproar at the "Hollow," for, with but few exceptions, all would attend.

The morning dawned clear and beautiful, and the shower that had fallen the evening before made all nature seem fresh and in harmony with all ready for the journey. The gate-posts at Mr. Brown's had not been visible for an hour and more, for the twins—Sammy and Bobby—had perched themselves there to patiently await the wagon that had been secured to carry them to the grounds. Their song, "Wait for the wagon," had become tiresome long ere now and patience almost exhausted. Oh, would it never come! Sammy discovers another wagon at a distance, and cries for all to hurry, for this one must be for them; but, alas! it's another disappointment, added to their already lengthy list. A large wagon, partly filled with straw, then well filled with singing, laughing, hurrahing children—all their own playmates—bound for Silver Springs. Both Sammy and Bobby cried, "Oh, will they never come! They have forgotten us!" But their light-heartedness returned as they spied Sarah and

Tom coming with an immense basket, filled with the substantial goodies necessary at a picnic, and grandmother following with Baby Trix. At last mother comes loaded down with shawls, umbrellas and coffee-boiler—for grandmother must have her usual cup of coffee, and now they hadn't long to wait. Hurrah! father is here and announces the wagon near at hand. Around the corner comes a partly filled wagon, into which the members of Mr. Brown's family, with difficulty, are placed, and away they go cheering over rocky roads, much to the children's delight—and grandmother's discomfort. After an hour's ride, the grove is in sight, and the laughing of the children can be heard. As Mr. Brown places each child on the ground, the youngest is cautioned by mother to keep clean, to be very careful and not fall into the spring, and many other similar instructions are given.

Oh, the pleasure that can be crowded into one day at a picnic! While the mothers are preparing the spread, the grandmothers are left to chat and care for the babies, as the other children are interested in "King-Williams." "Pass wants a corner," swings, etc., etc., while boating and croquet have been supplied for the lassies and lads. Did the time ever pass so rapidly? Children usually get impatient waiting for the dinner call; but no day for all seem surprised when the dinner horn is sounded. A general scramble followed, for boys will be boys. Oh, that spread! It will never be forgotten, for

With the dinner spread on the ground, ants in the sugar and skippers in the butter, and "sketches" of a flying round. Children were never before so content about such a spread. An abundance of everything that could be thought of to satisfy the keen appetites which never fail to accompany all who attend a picnic; and many willful boys ate heartily and long, causing great uneasiness among the mothers who wished to make no trouble, yet were anxious to save their dear ones pain. After much coaxing, the table was vacated, and the work of clearing up dishes and fragments proceeded rapidly, for speeches by the Superintendent and others were soon to commence. Seats had been erected at some distance from the children's play grounds, so that neither speaker nor children would be disturbed.

Shortly after this second speaker had taken the floor, anxious looks were visible on the faces of many, and after a lapse of but a few minutes, there was every indication that a storm was approaching. Before now some mothers had left the speaking to collect the members of their families. What was to be done? The storm was approaching rapidly, and but few prepared for it. Many of the children had wandered some distance away and now came running back, for a storm holds many horrors for some children, and then, perhaps, mother had gone home without them! Mother Brown had collected all members of her family except Sarah. Where could she be? It was now raining, which caused great impatience. After a short wait, she, with a number of friends, came hurriedly into sight, and without further delay, Mr. Brown and family were homeward bound. It was now pouring rain, and the umbrellas were of but little protection. Poor Sarah had given up in despair; her new hat, Sunday dress and ribbons, had lost the starch, and she control of her feelings, and was now in tears. Grandmother, from fear of a severe spell of "rheumatism," grumbled because she had been insisted upon to go, in the first place.

Baby Trix rebelled against her close quarters under shawl and umbrella, and fretted continually, and under the trying circumstances Mr. Brown's temper was lost, so that poor Mrs. Brown arrived home completely worn out, thankful that the day was near its close, and that phoned didn't occur often. There is always a charm about picnics for boys—with and without storms—and "the twins" conversation for days, and dreams for many nights afterwards, were of "The Picnic."

Knights of the Maccabees.

The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr. King's New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail."—Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com.—Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at Crisp's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

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The Largest Fresh Water Lake.

Is Lake Superior the largest fresh water lake in the world? Most geographers and other people certainly believe it is, and almost every authoritative book says so. There are a very few geographers, however, who say they do not know, and think the question had better be kept open until we have more exact knowledge of Victoria Nyanza, the larger African lake. The celebrated geographer Reclus seems, prematurely, to have awarded the first place to the Nyanza, for he computes its area at 85,900 square kilometers, while he gives the area of Lake Superior at 81,000.

Several of our best sources of information agree in giving the area of Lake Superior at 81,300 square miles, and of Victoria Nyanza at about 80,000 square miles. The fact is that these great lakes are nearly equal in size, and we cannot tell exactly how they compare, because our information about Victoria Nyanza is still very imperfect.

About two years ago Dr. Baumann discovered, on the southeast coast of the lake, a deep bay that no one had heard of before, and which is just beginning to appear on the maps. He was five days walking around the shores of this indentation, which is now known as Baumann Gulf. A while before this discovery, Father Schynae surveyed the southwest prolongation of the lake, which Mr. Stanley did not discover during his voyage of eighty days around its shores. These two discoveries have added many square miles which are not included in the estimates here given of the lake's area; and the shores of the lake are still so inadequately explored and surveyed that hundreds of square miles are likely yet to be added to or subtracted from our present computation of the area. Meanwhile Lake Chad, on the edge of the Sahara, may continue to stand off at one side and smile at the pretensions of both these rivals for first place. In the rainy season this lake loses all semblance of its former self and spreads over a vast area, until it covers more ground than the vaulted Lake Superior itself. It is spread out very thin, to be sure; but it is all Lake Chad, and if its outlines, when at their largest, were correctly mapped, the lake would look very imposing; but Chad, on these occasions, like beauty, is only skin deep.—N. Y. Sun.

Persons who are subject to attacks of bilious colic will be pleased to know that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It acts quickly and can always be depended upon. In many cases the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first indication of the disease appears. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by all dealers.

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